

The Middlebury Galaxy.

"IN THE DARK AND TROUBLED NIGHT THAT IS UPON US, THERE IS NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON TO GIVE US A GLEAM OF LIGHT, EXCEPTING THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—WEBSTER.

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THE WISH.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Holy hath been her converse, gentle friend,
Full of high thoughts breathing of heavenward
hope,
Deep'd by tenderest memories of the dead;
Therefore, beyond the Grave, I surely deem
That we shall meet again.

Come to me when my soul
Hath but a few dim hours to linger here;
When earthly chains are as a shiv'ring scroll,
Oh! let me feel thy presence! be but near!

That I may look once more
Into thine eyes which never changed for me!
That I may speak to thee of that bright shore,
Where, with our treasures, we have yearn'd to be.

Thou friend of many days!
Of sadness and of joy, of home and hearth!
Will not thy spirit aid me then to raise
The trembling pinions of my hope from earth?

By every solemn thought
Which on our hearts has sunk, in years gone by,
From the deep voices of the mountain caught,
Or all the adoring silence of the sky:

By every lofty theme
Whereon, with low-toned reverence, we have
spoken;
By our communion in each fervent dream,
That sought from realms beyond the grave, a to-
ken;

And by our tears for those
Whose loss hath touch'd our world with line of
death;

And by the hopes that with their dust repose,
As flowers await the south wind's vernal breath—
Come to me in that day—
The one—the sever'd from all days!—O Friend!
Even then, if human thoughts may then have
sway
My soul with thine shall yet rejoice to blend;

Not then nor thou alone;
I ask my heart if all indeed must die;
All that of holiest feeling it hath known,
And my heart's voice replies—Eternity.

CHANCELLOR KENT.—The late Chancellor
of Kent was one of those men whose innate
genius enabled him to take in good part all
difficulties—the result of ignorance and ac-
cident. He was exceedingly fond of nar-
rating music; and, during the drum of a re-
cruiting party, who had taken a station at
the corner of the street, beating a point of
war, he walked out to listen to it nearer.
Instantly he was whistling the burden of
the tune, when the man of war accented
him—
"You are fond of such music, then, my
fine fellow?"
"Very," was the reply.

"Well, then," said Sergeant Kite, "why not
join us? Good quarters—and a pay—a large
bounty—besides, our Captain is a glorious
fellow. Why won't you now? You can't
do better."

"Well," said the Chancellor, "I have
one pretty strong objection."

"What is it?" asked the Sergeant.

"Why, just now, I happen to have a bet-
ter trade."

"What trade is it?" said the inquisitor.

"I am Chancellor of the State of New
York."

"Whew!" interjected the Sergeant.
"Strike up!—quick time!—forward,
march!" Off tramped the military man,
without looking behind him; leaving the
Chancellor to enjoy his laugh at the adven-
ture.—*Horne Journal.*

DE MODEST.—"I highly approve," says
Lord Chatham, "the end and intent of
Pythagoras' injunction, which is to direct
the first part of life to be spent in learning
in order to collect materials of which to form
opinions founded on proper lights and well
examined sound principles, than to be pre-
suming, prompt and flippant in hazarding
one's slight, crude notions of things, and
thus exposing the nakedness and emptiness of
the mind, like a house opened to receive com-
pany, before it is fitted either with necessary
or any ornament for their reception and en-
tertainment."

A GOOD MAN DEPARTED.—We learn
that the Rev. Oliver William Bourne Pres-
b. pastor of the Unitarian congregation at
Burlington, Vt., died in that place yester-
day. Mr. Peabody graduated at Harvard
University in 1816. He was a brother of
Mrs. Alexander H. Everett, and a twin-broth-
er of the late Rev. W. B. O. Peabody, of
Springfield. Mr. Peabody has been an able
contributor to the North American Review,
and was for a time connected with the edi-
torial department of the Daily Advertiser,
of this city. He was a good writer, an accom-
plished scholar, a pure minded, upright and
most estimable man. He was engaged upon
a memoir of his brother, (whose poetical
writings will have a lasting place in Ameri-
can literature,) when the summons came for
his own departure.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE BAPTISTAL admonition of the
Hindoo is as impressive on the bystanders
as it is beautiful.—"Little babe, who enter-
est the world weeping, while all around you
smile; contrive so to live that you may de-
part in smiles, whilst all around you are
weeping."

MISCELLANY.

THE SCULPTOR.

AN AFFECTING STORY OF A YOUNG GIRL.

Towards the close of the 17th century,
there dwelt in Rome a young girl, whose
singular history rendered her an object of
universal interest. Her surname is not
given, but she was commonly called Ma-
ria la Fantesca, or Maria the servant girl.
She was born in one of the villages near
Rome, and at an early age was placed by
her parents, who were very poor, in the
family of an eminent sculptor.—Before
she came of age she had conceived such
an admiration of her master's works, that
she had formed the bold resolution of de-
voting herself to the study of the art; pur-
suing it at first in secret, but cherishing
a hope of one day attaining public success.
Maria confided her intentions to an artist
who frequently visited her master's studio,
and begged of him to give her secretly a
few lessons in drawing and modelling. The
artist not only granted her request, but in-
duced his friend Dr. Corona to aid him in
the instruction of the enthusiastic girl.

The first step gained, Maria devoted
every moment she could snatch from her
household duties to modelling and draw-
ing, she was never idle. To execute
something worthy of her master's praise,
was the highest object of her ambition.
Life had new charms for her; if her resolu-
tion at any time wavered, or she felt over-
come by the difficulties of her task, Maria
used to go secretly to the Vatican, and
there, surrounded by the great works of
the ancient art, her enthusiasm was
speedily rekindled, and her courage re-
vived. She would pass hours together in
looking at her favorite statues, and gaz-
ing until she felt her mind thoroughly
imbued with their beauty. These were
her lessons. She determined not to fail;
and as if aware that in this resolution she
possessed the surest guaranty of success,
she labored unremittingly, and overcame
obstacles which would have daunted a less
hopeful spirit.

The pursuit of sculpture as an art is rarely
been attempted by a woman, and difficulties
met Maria at every step; still she allowed
nothing to turn her purpose. She listened
eagerly to every word of advice and in-
struction which she chanced to overhear her
master giving his pupils, and treasured all up
in her memory, and afterwards, in her quiet
hours, when she had time for reflection, or
to pursue her studies, she turned this in-
struction to good account. By this steady
pursuit of her object, by her perseverance, and
careful economy of time, Maria made a pro-
gress that astonished her friends that were in the secret.
At length she set to work on a statue, on which
she had bestowed long and anxious thought,
and which she hoped to render worthy of public
exhibition. She told no one of her project,
and it was only in hours stolen from her daily
duties, or more frequently from her night's rest,
that she could prosecute her work.—Two years
did the energetic girl labor on in secret, un-
aided even by the voice of encouragement,
but supported by her own enthusiasm. At length
the statue stood before her finished work.
It was a statue of Minerva; and though by no
means finished in execution, its deficiencies in
finish and proportion, were compensated by
a grandeur of attitude and general expression,
and a beauty in the features, which seemed almost
inspired. The statue was completed; the last
finishing touches were given to it; and Maria
had it secretly conveyed to the hall in which
the exhibition was to take place. The judges
appointed to award the prize to the successful
candidate were assembled: crowds flocked
from all parts of Rome to the capitol, and every
seat was occupied. All were eagerly dis-
cussing the merits of the various works of art
exhibited.

It so happened that Maria's master was pre-
sident on this occasion, and it consequently fell
to him to crown with a laurel the prize work
of art selected by the judges. Maria, in her
simple servant's dress, unnoticed and unsus-
pected, had followed with the crowd, and taken
her seat in the gallery. With a beating
heart she watched intently the proceedings of
the ceremony. There was a breathless silence,
and the opinion of the judges was at length
delivered; it was unanimous.

Reader, can you imagine the feelings of mingled
rapture and amazement which overpow-
ered poor Maria, when she saw her master step
forward, and amid the deafening applause of
the assembled multitude, place the laurel
upon the head of the Minerva? On every
side she heard the praises of the statue, and of
the talents of the unknown artist.

Maria went home, silent and alone; and
here a still greater joy, if possible, awaited
her. She went back to her ordinary duties,
but her face was flushed, and her whole frame
fevered with excitement. Presently her mas-
ter's bell rang, and she obeyed the summons;
but when she now entered the room she could
control her feelings no longer. She fell on
her knees, and, bursting into tears, confessed
her secret. Her master looked at her in silent
astonishment and admiration; then raising her
up, he overpowered her with questions as to
the means by which she attained such pro-
ficiency in the art, so entirely removed from
her sphere of life. Maria humbly and mod-
estly related her story. She told him of the
irresistible desire which first determined her
to be a sculptor—the study and labor she had
devoted to the art—and all the hopes, the fears
and difficulties she had met and overcome.

The good old man listened with deep inter-
est; and embracing the poor girl affectionately,
he promised to adopt her as his daughter
and pupil, assuring her that such a beginning
argued the brightest success.
Maria's story was soon known throughout
Rome, and a universal feeling of interest was
aroused in the fate of the self-taught artist.
She was courted and flattered, and received
into the highest circles, all vying to bestow
the greatest honors on Maria la Fantesca; but
her joy was no longer the same as that which
had animated her in the secret hours of study,
when unknown and uncared for she labored
on, stimulated only by the love of her pursuit,
and the sole companion of her hopes and as-
pirations. Then, indeed, she had looked for-
ward with rapture—she now looked back on
the past with satisfaction, but not wholly with-
out regret.

Maria's triumph was of short duration—the
brilliant star shone but for a moment and then
vanished. Whilst her fame was the universal
theme in society in Rome, she was fast fading
away. Excitement and over-study had under-
mined her health, and she fell a victim to rapid
decline. The poor girl had plucked the
flower of her hopes, but only to see it wither
in her grasp.

THE DISTRESSED LEXICOGRAPHER.

Napoleon reigned as Emperor in France.
The learned and modest lexicographer Boiste
had just put the finishing stroke to his dictio-
nary. He had arrived at the point of time so
happy for an author—he had just corrected
the last proof sheet, and sent it to his publish-
er. Sweet was his sleep with brilliant dreams
of future fame! The next day the book that
would give him name and wealth was to see
the light. He awoke to find his bed surround-
ed by geniards.

"Gentlemen, you have certainly made some
mistake; I am Monsieur Boiste, grammarian
to the Emperor."

"The very man," answered the laconic gen-
darm. "It is all right; here is the order for
the arrest of Boiste, grammarian!"

The argument was conclusive; there was
no appeal; go with them he must; and soon
the vehicle stopped before the Fort of Vin-
cennes.

Once arrived at the prison, poor Boiste had
some hope that the obstinate silence hitherto
maintained would cease. He humbly supplicated
to be told the cause of his arrest, protesting
his innocence and devoted allegiance. The
official, through some little feeling of re-
spect for an old man, deigned to open the door
for arrest; and after reading it, coolly an-
swered, "To secure the public safety."

Poor Boiste was then sent off to a room, the
bars of his windows securing him three
months' leisure to torture his brain in the en-
deavor to discover how he, who had spent his
whole life arranging words under their differ-
ent heads, from A to Z, could have compro-
mised the public safety. He said to himself,
with all the tranquility of an untroubled con-
science, "It cannot be for my book that I am
arrested, since it has been examined three
times over, corrected, and considerably dimi-
nished, by both the books and the subordi-
nates in the office of the imperial censorship."

Boiste did not content himself with lamenta-
tions, he made strong appeals by memorials
addressed to all the influential persons of his
acquaintance, always concluding with this
most logical conclusion, "I have done nothing;
but only tell me what I have done, that I may
justify myself."

But unhappily not one of his letters was an-
swered. At length an appeal from the un-
lucky prisoner fell into the hands of Fontanes,
the head of the university, who knew and es-
teemed the poor grammarian; and fully per-
suaded of the innocence of a man whose whole
life had been devoted to his dictionary, he
hastened to mention him to the Emperor, who,
happening to be in a favorable mood that day,
smiled at the artless epistle, and viewing the
matter in the same light with Fontanes, sent
for the Duke of Otranto. Fontanes was as ig-
norant as they were of the ground of arrest,
and was quite surprised; he had probably
signed the order without reading it, and he in
his turn summoned the prefect. The prefect
could give no explanation, and sent for his
deputy, who, after two days of research, at last
found the fatal document. It was taken to the
Tuilleries, and there it was found that it was
made out upon the denunciation of the censor,
who had actually charged Boiste with having
spoken of Bonaparte as a spoliator. "How?
when?—where?" This the denunciation
did not mention. The censor was ordered to
make his appearance; but he was about a
hundred leagues off, on a tour of inspection,
exercising his vigilant superintendence of the
provincial press.

Let Boiste himself be examined, was Na-
poleon's next order; for besides that I believe
him incapable of such an act, it really would
be common sense in a dictionary.

The next day Boiste was once more permit-
ted to see the sun, and was carried to the cabi-
net of the Duke of Otranto, where Fontanes
was already in attendance.

"Sir," said Fontanes, "you are accused of a li-
bel against the august prince who reigns over
this mighty empire."

"A libel! I, my lord? Surely you cannot
believe it! A libel comes from *libellus*, a lit-
tle book. Ask that gentleman, sir, at the head
of the university, if he now too well the mean-
ing, the force of words, to."

"Nevertheless," added Fontanes, showing
him the information, but keeping his finger
over the signature—read this."

Boiste cast his eye rapidly along the pa-
per.

"Well!" cried Fontanes, seeing the quiet coun-
tenance unchanged.

"Is that all?" said Boiste.

"Is that all? Is it not enough? I hope,
for your sake, it is a mistake."

"Not at all; it is the truth."

"The truth!"

"Unquestionably; it was all to do honor to
our Emperor."

and being possessed of a vigorous constitution,
and enjoying excellent health, might easily
pass for a man of fifty.

SINGULAR DREAM.

Some ninety years ago there flourished
in Glasgow a club of young men, which,
from the extreme profligacy of its mem-
bers, and the licentiousness of their orgies,
was commonly called the Hell Club. Be-
sides their nightly or weekly meetings,
they held one grand annual saturnalia, in
which each one tried to excel the other in
drunkenness and blasphemy; and on these
occasions there was no star amongst them
whose lurid light was more conspicuous
than that of young Mr. Archibald B., who,
endowed with brilliant talents and a hand-
some person, had held out great promise
in his boyhood, and raised hopes that had
been completely frustrated by his subse-
quent reckless dissipations.

One morning, after returning from this
annual festival, Mr. Archibald B. having
retired to bed, dreamed the following dream.

He fancied that he himself was mounted
on a favorite black horse that he always
rode, and that he was proceeding towards
his own house—then a country-seat em-
bellished with trees, and situated upon a
hill, now entirely built over, and forming
part of the city—when a stranger, whom
the darkness of the night prevented his
distinctly discerning, suddenly seized his
horse's rein, saying, "You must go with me!"

"And who are you?" exclaimed the
young man with a volley of oaths, whilst he
struggled to free himself.

"That you shall see by and by," returned
the other in a tone that excited unac-
countable terror in the youth; who, plung-
ing his spurs into his horse, attempted to
fly, but in vain. However fast the animal
flew, the stranger was still beside him,
till at length in his desperate efforts to es-
cape, the rider was thrown; but, instead
of being dashed to the earth as he expected,
he found himself falling—falling—
falling still, as if sinking into the bowels
of the earth.

At length, a period being put to this
mysterious descent, he found breath to en-
quire of his companion, who was still
beside him, whither they were going.
"Where am I? Where are you taking
me?" he exclaimed. "To hell!" replied
the stranger; and immediately intermina-
ble echoes repeated the fearful sound,
"To hell! to hell! to hell!"

At length a light appeared, which soon
increased to a blaze; but, instead of the
cries, and groans, and lamentations, which
the terrified traveller expected, nothing
met his ear but sounds of music, mirth,
and jollity; and he found himself at the
entrance of a superb building, far exceed-
ing any he had seen constructed by human
hands.—Within, too, what a scene! No
amusement, employment, or pursuit of
man on earth, but was here being car-
ried on with a vehemence that excited
his unutterable amazement. There the
young and lovely still swam through the
mazes of the giddy dance! There the
panting steed still bore his brutal rider
through the excitement of the goaded
race! There over the midnight bowl, the
intemperate still drew out the waning
song of maulin blasphemy! The gam-
bler plied forever his endless game, and
the slaves of Mammon toiled through e-
ternity their bitter toil; whilst all the
magnificence of earth paled before that
which now met his view.

He soon perceived that he was a-
mong old acquaintances, whom he knew
to be dead, & each he observed, was pur-
suing the object, whatever it was, that had
formerly engrossed him, when finding
himself relieved of his unwelcome conduc-
tor, he ventured to address his former
friend, Miss D—, whom he saw sit-
ting as he had been wont on earth, ab-
sorbed at loo—requesting her to rest from
the game, and introduce him to the pleas-
ure of the place, which appeared to him
to be very unlike what he had expected
and indeed, an extremely agreeable one.

But with a cry of agony, she answered,
that there was no rest in hell; that they
must ever toil on at those very pleasures;
and innumerable noises echoed through
the interminable vaults, "There is no rest
in hell! whilst throwing open their vests,
each disclosed in his bosom an over-bru-
ised flame! These, they said, were the
pleasures of hell, their choice on earth
was now their inevitable doom! In the
midst of the horror this scene inspired, his
conductor returned, and at his earnest
entreaty, restored him again to earth; but,
as he quitted him, he said, "Remember!
in a year and a day we meet again!"

At this crisis of his dream the sleeper
awoke, feverish and ill, and whether from
the effect of the dream or of his preced-
ing orgies, he was so unwell as to be ob-
liged to keep his bed for several days,
during which period he had time for
many serious reflections, which termina-
ted in a resolution to abandon the club
and his licentious companions altogether.

He was no sooner well, however, than
they flocked around him, bent on recover-
ing so valuable a member of their society;
and, having wrung from him a confession
of the cause of his defection, which, as
may be supposed, appeared to them emi-
nently ridiculous, they soon contrived to
make him ashamed of his good resolutions.
He joined them again; resumed his former
course of life; and when the annual sa-
turnalia came round, he found himself
with his glass in his hand at the table;
when the president, rising to make an
accustomed speech, began with saying,
"Gentlemen! this being leap year, it is a
year and a day since our last anniversary,"
&c., &c. The words struck upon the
young man's ear like a knell, but, ashamed

to expose his weakness to the jeers of his
companions, he sat out the feast, plying
himself with wine even more liberally
than usual, in order to drown his intru-
sive thoughts; till, in the gloom of a win-
ter's morning, he mounted his horse to
ride home. Some hours afterwards the
horse was found by his saddle and bridle
on, quietly grazing by the roadside, about
half way between the city and Mr. B.'s
house; whilst a few yards off lay the
corse of his master.

Now as I have said in introducing this
story it is no fiction; the circumstances hap-
pened as here related. An account of it
was published at the time, but the copies
were bought up by the family. Two or
three, however, were preserved, and the
narrative has been reprinted.—*Mrs.
Crowe's Night-side of Nature.*

ELOPEMENT IN HIGH LIFE.—We cut
the following from the Albany correspondence
of the New York Herald. It is understood
that one of the parties is the son of Erasmus
Corning, of Albany, and the other the daugh-
ter of Henry A. Foster, of Oneida.

The world of fun and fashion is convulsed
by an event which has taken place. This e-
lopement is deeply interesting to the aristocracy,
because it affects several of their number who
occupy conspicuous positions in the social
world. I will give some of the leading in-
cidents connected with the tragedy, suppressing,
however, the names of the actors. I give it
the title of tragedy, because it is not, nor
will it prove to be a comedy or a farce. It
appears that eighteen months since, the eld-
er son of a prominent citizen of this city be-
came deeply attached to an accomplished
young woman; she was beautiful & appar-
ently a woman of strong mind. She is the eldest
daughter of a gentleman who resides in the
interior of the State, and who has filled many
important offices with ability.—These young
persons, with the entire sanction of their par-
ents, were pledged to each other in marriage.
The engagement which the young lady
entered into voluntarily, has yet been kept
apparently in good faith.

The groom elect is a young gentleman of in-
tellect and fine feelings; he is frank, jovial,
and courteous; and has travelled over a
part of Europe, and resisted the fascinations
of Lola Montes; he has kissed royal hands
in Germany; he danced a minuet with
John Van Buren at Baden Baden, and par-
took of a collation with an English poet in
one of the crannies of the Coliseum at Rome.
He has a diamond of remarkable brilliancy
and purity; he understands the use of the
rapiar, and is a good shot. The bride elect
is a young woman of fine talents, and of
a rich and still he is weak enough
to love a woman. The frequency with which
he was thrown into the company of this
young woman, only increased his attach-
ment for her. This feeling was apparently
reciprocal; he loved her, and she professed
to love him. Next Thursday was the day
fixed upon for their marriage, cards of in-
vitation to the wedding were issued in great
numbers, the preparations were grand and
elaborate. Last Sunday, the bride elect,
being on her way to church with her mother,
suddenly fell into a swoon, and returned
home alone. In an hour after, she eloped
with a young man, between whom and her-
self there had apparently never been the
slightest acquaintance or intimacy. They
were married at—, and on Sunday eve-
ning passed through this city on their way to
New York. This event has caused a terrible
explosion among the aristocracy, and the
corps of invitation to the wedding on Thurs-
day next, have been countermanded.

MR. MARSH'S ADDRESS,
Delivered before the Agricultural Society of
Rutland County, September 30, 1842.

What then are the present condition and
future prospects of the profession of Agricul-
ture; how far is it to be regarded as a lib-
eral art, and what part is it destined to play here-
after in the organization of the social fabric?
The primary and immediate object of agricul-
ture is the cultivation of vegetables, and in this
sense it embraces the care of the forest and
the propagation of timber-trees, the rearing of
fruits, of roots and herbs, and seeds of cul-
tivated plants, and of medicinal plants, as well as
the growing of our ordinary farm crops. It may
be stated as a general rule, subject to no
clearly ascertained exceptions, that animal
creatures are incapable of deriving any nutri-
ment directly from mineral or unorganized
matter. It is the great office of vegetable life
to convert the ultimate elements of inorganic
matter into secondary forms, sometimes called
proximate or *immediate* principles, which either
immediately, or as constituents of more
complicated combinations, (as roots, stalks,
leaves, fruits and seeds,) supply food, shelter,
and clothing to man, and the lower animals.
In many instances, again, this process is repeat-
ed, the brute or insect being the agent of a
second elaboration, and converting, by organi-
cally chemistry, vegetables unadapted to high-
er creatures into animal fibre or other tissue
capable of yielding them aliment, or other
beneficial uses. And herein careful Na-
ture has by no means left important man
dependent upon the fruits of his own foresight
and industry; for not only does he, reaping
where he has not sown, derive supplies for his
various wants from spontaneous vegetation, and
from wild animals fed by that wild growth, but
even in those uncounted ages of vital exist-
ence, which geologists tell us preceded his
birth-day, she was busy in preparing and fur-
nishing the future home of her noblest offspring.
The preadamite world was clothed with a lux-
uriant growth of vegetable life, which fed and
sheltered a swarming host of beast and bird
and fish and creeping thing. But these were
all tribes unsuited to human use, and among
the remains of primeval life, which lie sepul-
chred in the earth's crust, we find no plant or
animal belonging to genera that yield food or
clothing to man, no pleasant fruit, or nutri-
tious seed or healthful root, no fowl or rank
ferns, unfruitful shrubs and barren evergreens,
fishes of coarse and bony structure, huge, thick-
skinned quadrupeds, and monstrous reptiles.
And when, in the fulness of time appointed
by the CREATOR, man was about to be sum-
moned to assume dominion over the earth and
all things upon it, the existing organic forms
were swept away by the agency of some sud-
den catastrophe, or some unknown cause of
gradual extinction, and succeeded by a more
fruitful world of vegetable and animal life ad-
apted to the convenience of him who was now
called to reign over it. But though these ex-
tinct organizations were not in their original
forms, suited to human uses, they are yet, in
their mineralized condition, of the highest im-
portance, and even of almost indispensable im-
portance to man.

The vast deposits of coal in Eu-
rope and America, without which the smelt-
ing of ores and the workings of metals could
be practiced only on a very limited scale, are
the remains of extinct forests; limestone forma-
tions are often almost entirely of animal ori-
gin, and even our common polishing powders
are composed of the flinty shells or wing-cases
of microscopic insects no longer extant.

Vegetable life therefore, the object of prop-
er agriculture, is the indispensable condition
of at least the higher forms of animal exist-
ence; and the economical value of this art can
hardly be overrated. But are its present con-
dition and estimation answerable to its intrin-
sic importance? The result of agricultural
labors depends upon causes so obscure, and
difficult of appreciation, or are determined by
meteoric and telluric influences apparently so
completely beyond human foresight and con-
trol, or to express the same idea in fewer words,
nature here contributes so much and man so
little, that the name of an art has been somewhat
unwillingly accorded to the agricultural pro-
fession.

Since modern analytical science
has busied itself with economical investigations,
agriculture has come to have its proper laws,
and is no longer conducted by arbitrary rules,
themselves founded on a blind and groping ex-
perience. Until chemical analysis had shown
what were the constituent elements of vegeta-
ble forms, ascertained their proportions and
modes of combination, and resolved soils into
their primary ingredients, there was no ap-
proach to a rational or scientific agriculture.
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